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VOL. LIV.

No. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum meus gravis mater, somni laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabat SODALES, unanimique PARENTES."

FEBRUARY, 1889.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1888. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIV.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '89.

JOHN C. GRIGGS.

HERBERT A. SMITH.

LEWIS S. WELCH.

HUBERT W. WELLS.

A COLLEGE PASTOR.

THE writer offers no apology for again asking attention to a general question already twice presented by this Board. Nor because it is treated from a slightly different standpoint in this discussion does he seek justification for continuing to ring the changes on this old theme. It is the nature of the problem itself that he appeals to. There is nothing in all the life of the University that demands such careful adjustment as its religious system. There is no element in that life that is so fraught with danger and so rich in possibilities for those who live it, as the religious element. At the same time there seem to be no conditions under which we live that present such strange contradictions or such palpable weaknesses as those which seek to regulate our religious life.

Enough has happened since the appearance of the last leader not only to justify but emphasize the strongest reflections that were then made. In the course of a most able and helpful sermon by a preacher from our sister University, a very strong practical application of a beautiful truth seemed to convey to the majority of his hearers

simply the suggestions of a low joke, which three-fourths of supposedly the most cultured audience which any community can afford proceeded audibly to enjoy. Yet neither this nor the amusing wanderings of a black setter which constituted, next to the Seniors' bow, the main attraction at our morning "devotions" a few days ago, are worthy of our attention simply as isolated facts. They may form excellent texts for those who are rash enough to deliver themselves of their convictions on the subject of college manners, but are of interest to us at present only for what they signify. Along with a score of like instances every term, they testify to a fact, already dwelt upon in these pages, that the real spirit of worship is almost entirely foreign to our public religious services.

It is to a particular defect in this system, as it at present exists, that this article would call attention. But the writer would feel his work richly rewarded, if, by his reiteration of it, the single fact above stated received its fair attention. We can not rid the situation of its disagreeable features by recalling the encouraging activity of the Christian Association, the interest in the prayer meeting or the devoted spirit of the mission work. These are all but expressions of the true religion that lives among us despite its unfavorable surroundings. The general atmosphere that pervades them is that of earnestness and devotion. But not one of these meeting points of religious activity can take the place of a real living Church organization that is in very truth the center of the deepest religious life of each soul that it embraces. This is ideal, and compulsion has assuredly no part in it. Yet I cannot say that there is not enough of good in the compulsory system to retain at least some part of it. All the varying degrees of youth that fill our academic course—that strange compound of the preparatory school and the University—do not seem ready for the very broad liberty of the complete optional system. But whatever may be our plan, whatever may be left of the compulsory idea in it, we still claim the additional necessity of a living Church organization where true religion freely and spontaneously

asserts itself. And to this end, and to come directly to the aim of this article, we need a strong leader at its head whose whole life is given to his work.

A Church without a pastor is a proverbially impotent body, however strong it may have been before its loss. And when, as with us, there is at best so little organic unity, such a lack of any centralizing force to command and hold individual interest, the spark of warm life that before was left, though powerless as it was to kindle any bright flame in the unwholesome atmosphere of perfunctory service that surrounded both pulpit and pew, is now wholly extinguished. This lack of leadership adds the finishing touch to the deadly effects of the "required work" religious system. The roll-call idea already seems to sum up all the attributes that make up the popular conception of morning chapel, and it is not too much to say that the Sunday service appears as little more than a series of University lectures on religion, under the direct control of the President. In this it is not meant for a moment to speak slightly of those who have filled our pulpit, or of the earnestness and helpfulness of their discourses. Most of all would the writer regret the inference that he failed to appreciate the unselfishness of the efforts of our President to touch and influence in this manner our student life, as well as the large measure of success which these efforts have secured. But as to the first point, it is only too painfully evident that the atmosphere of indifference, and often worse than indifference, among a large share of his congregation, the almost entire lack of a warm sympathy among them and between them and himself, must cool the ardor of any preacher, while we must on the other hand admit that though the President of the University may be a most helpful college preacher, he cannot from the nature of his office be a college pastor. It is urged by some, that only in this very general and formal way can religion be presented to the college at large, and I am very willing to agree to this, if by it we mean that it is better to try no more direct method of forcing the attention of the student upon themes, which to approach in any

other spirit than that of earnest humility is often worse than sacrilege.

Retain then, let me repeat, whatever is of real worth in the system as it stands, but give us something more. It is true that a man's religion must find its own expression or be dead, and that students can often best help each other in these matters. But to rest satisfied for the supply of our religious needs with the various student agencies for religious work is no more reasonable than the action of a Church that would close its doors on the Sabbath to find in its mid-week prayer meetings both the source and expression of its religious life.

Our present condition is a serious matter for those who come here fresh from active connection with other Churches. Their religious experience suffers a break in the continuity of its growth. Cut loose as in a sense their thought is from its constant hold on great themes to which it has hitherto so firmly attached itself, a kind of spiritual mind-wandering results that often ends in much more than a season of comparatively harmless indifference. I am far from attributing those periods of unsettlement of opinions, of both negative doubt and positive rejection of old beliefs, that so frequently attack the students, solely to the weakness of Church organization. But the very fact that these experiences, with all the tremendously important interest which they possess, are proverbially characteristic of a college course, is in itself the most powerful plea for the best equipped and most deeply spiritual Church body in our midst, to which end no one element seems more necessary than a permanent pastor, who knows, and who can fully sympathize with college men.

In asking this I make a demand for an almost ideal character. The college pulpit of even the reorganized Church which I have hinted at is an extremely trying one, taxing the very best resources of head and heart. I believe that to nothing short of the ripest scholarship, the most preëminent ability, and the most thorough manhood should such a charge be entrusted. And I believe that nowhere in the world does the call come more urgently

for the employment of all these attainments than from the college pulpit.

We are so used to hearing of the duties of educated men and we cannot but admit that within the narrow limits of the college world lie possibilities for greatest usefulness. But the other side of the matter seems almost lost sight of. The duty to educated men is forgotten as far as a large class of them is concerned. In all the great readjustment that is going on the world over, the opportunity that an unselfish life's work offers, is inspiring enough. But when the cry is to arms and the appeal is especially made to college men, I have often wondered if those who raise it realize that they may be addressing many who are themselves wrestling with the very problems out of which the strife has been born. For do not the great forces that are shaking the religious world to-day meet for their hardest struggle in an educated community? Do not the great currents of thought that are sweeping through our nineteenth century life rush together here with a force that often leaves, in lives that had not before tested their strength, only a wondering doubt? And yet to meet all this, this community has not even the services of a real leader of its religious forces, while we have to confess, as partially a consequence, that "we have a Church only in name."

For a few days, more than a year ago, the splendid strength and magnetic personality of the Edinburgh professor touched and quickened all the religious forces of the University. It was a taste of what such a leadership might be to us. We need a Drummond always with us.

Lewis Sheldon Welch.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

I.

I measure not the sum of life
 In houses, nor in golden sands
 Nor all the wealth that petty strife
 May purchase by the clash of hands.
 And here across the ponderous tomes
 Wherein the record clear and sure
 Is writ, the eye in sadness roams
 And reads—"The Annals of the Poor."
 O ! pity him whose windows glow
 With lights that fall upon the sheen
 Of silks and jewels, while below
 He treads on graves to you unseen.
 O ! pity her who rides at ease
 Among the cushions where the thorn
 Is thicker than the rose ; she sees
 The days she groans that she was born.
 The glare and glow of outward show
 Too oft entice, too oft allure,
 And some there are who live to know
 The poor in heart alone are poor.

II.

They laid my lady in her grave.
 They strained a few and proper tears.
 I saw their black plumes slowly wave
 Along the road and come and go.
 Ah me ! the after years.
 They reared a polished monument
 And carved thereon a polished lie.
 My lady's days—ah ! were they spent
 In charity ? I prayed a prayer
 "Let not her spirit die !"
 I saw them struggle, o'er a will.
 I heard the ties of friendship break
 And sharply part asunder, still
 They veiled their faces, lady fair,
 And mourned for thy dear sake.
 Another proudly treads the halls,
 O ! lady, and across the stairs
 Where once thy garments swept, there falls
 The sound of stranger feet. For thee—
 For thee, poor heart, who cares !

III.

Weak son of a weaker sire
How, alas ! I pity thee
With thy passions all afire
Ere was left thy nurse's knee.

Time is holding in his palm
Poisoned chalice, bitter draught
For thee. Yon peasant in his calm
Is richer as he plies his craft.

In thy idleness sleeps death—
Venom in thy lordly ear.
Feet that heed thy slightest breath
Beat a time I loathe to hear.

Spark of uncontrolled flame
Glowing up and down the earth,
Hunting for thy human game
Till thy pleasure finds its dearth ;

Weak son of a weaker sire,
Some may curse—I pity thee,
With thy passions all afire
Ere was left thy nurse's knee.

IV.

With the love of man denied thee,
With thy scorn for "low" and "poor,"
Fool, will not the earth soon hide thee?
Life is short and death is sure.

Thou it is that art the loser
Making less thy brother there,
Knowing not, O ! dotard chooser ;
That he has the greater share ;

Share of soul and share of life
And share of all things good and pure,
Share of honor, in that strife
Of many, garnered by the few.

What hast thou with all thy gold ?
A noble hate, a kingly scorn,
A mock respect—a narrow hold
When of riches thou art shorn.

With the love of man denied thee,
Life is short and death is sure,
Fool, will not the old earth hide thee
And thy scorn for "low" and "poor?"

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

THE HARBOR REEF.

THESE huge boulders running down across the sand into the surf, present the same rude aspect of rounding base, splintered crags and tortuous seams of as old. Yet in their scarred faces we read a new and deeper meaning than any they have revealed to us in the past. Through this calm air of late afternoon, memory brings back a faint echo of the weird, sweet melody we sometimes heard, as at low tide we played among the crevices and pools in these rocks, searching for the delicate sea-anemone or the starfish, hardly conscious the while of more than the golden grains slipping through our fingers and that low murmuring of the outer reef.

Now the waters surge and break with a sterner tone and there is something majestic in the unflinching strength with which the reef hurls them back and calms their turbulent force before they pass on to the smoother water within. A powerful barrier to the rough waves of the Atlantic it offers, jutting out from this headland halfway between the mouth of the river and the harbor-islands. For centuries before and since the first sea-tossed Pilgrims sailed by it, to land on the inner shore, it has guarded the harbor well. There would even seem to be a rude sort of sympathy between it and the hardy race which has made a long struggle with the sea much like its own. On this side toward the town with its human activities and hopes, the reef shows Nature's smiling face. It has that stern beauty, which men are coming more to recognize in Nature's harsher, but strong, magnificent forms. A beauty, too, one realizes little of unless he has watched its varying expressions under cloudy skies, the dazzling brilliancy of the sun rising from the sea, or the pale relief of moonlight evenings. Most of all, as a shielding power, the reef suggests all those helpful influences in Nature which strengthen in men the faith that both are working together toward an end far higher than any yet realized or conceived.

But, lest we deceive ourselves by seeing in Nature only what is agreeable, let us climb across the reef and look at its other face. A fierce, treacherous front it shows the sea, one that the mariner, missing the harbor-light in the mists, may well dread. Just above, projecting through the sand, lies the skeleton of a ship that struck the reef during an autumn gale and was washed ashore. The sands are slowly entombing these bare timbers, silent memorials of an almost forgotten tragedy. Here is a glimpse of Nature's darker side, and we have not yet seen it all. The shattered appearance of the reef from the ocean-side reveals the losing conflict it is waging. Centuries old, when a few more shall have washed and beaten it away, it will no longer be a shelter to the harbor, while its treachery and danger will be tenfold enhanced. Yet this seems little when we remember that the entire eastern coast-line of New England is steadily retreating, worn away by the encroaching waves. This harbor and the town beyond must one day disappear beneath the sea, and all its prided, hard-earned civilization become like that of another fabled Atlantis. But all these thoughts merge into that inevitable time, which science now discerns, when the glacial streams shall flow again over a lifeless earth, the solar system at length be resolved into gaseous form, and "this little life-boat of a world have vanished like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All."

As the thought of this dark future mingles in the sound of the waves breaking on the reef, despite the gloom, there is a deep joy in realizing that man's faith and hopes rest on something firmer than these passing shadows. The deep yearnings for the divine, the noblest and purest aspirations, that faith in the Unseen Good which men have handed down as the torch of life, all these remain unchangeable amid the unceasing mutations of Nature. In this fuller light, Nature no longer seems hostile or indifferent to man. What is her darker side but that same heroic struggling, that reaching forward to higher things, which she shares equally with man and in which she feels a vital sympathy for him? We have not yet reached a truer conception of

nature and man than that of the old Hebrew seer—"the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." Nor has the world known another ideal of that "far-off divine event," to which we move, so true and inspiring as the one which dawned upon his nation. In ours, as in every time, there are those who would have us believe that this darker side of Nature is the end and all. But from the depths of the human heart, across the arid waste of surface theories which fade away like mists before a rushing wind, there comes the still, small voice, affirming the Eternal Verities, in the scorn of all semblances and shadows, as it has ever done since man first looked out across this troubled sea.

There gleams a light out from the headland. The afternoon has melted imperceptibly into night, while we have lingered here on the beach. The reef, like that Ancient Mariner, in whose eyes the mystery of the sea has shown so powerfully, has held us spell-bound listening as to one who spoke in the accents of a foreign land. Yet, though we catch but a syllable here and there of its meaning, it will not have been in vain that we have listened, if, like that other tale of the sea, it shall have revealed to us more of Nature's sympathy with human-kind and strengthened in us that "larger hope" which is the only portal to a higher life.

William H. Beckford.

SOME TENDENCIES OF ENGLISH PROSE FICTION.

I N the study of history the modern scholar is learning more and more to use his numerous sources of information, and that to know the inner life of the great peoples of the past, something more is essential than a mere record of the rise and fall of successive dynasties. The ancient chroniclers whether employed at some court to celebrate its glories or in the obscurity of the cloister compiling tables of royal battles afford but sorry material for the scientific searcher. It is only by means of a literature, free, living, imaginative that we are able to reproduce the life of a nation; for while a Livy may teach us something of Rome's relation to other powers, a true appreciation of her people can be obtained only from a Plautus or a Horace. So we find that as men, becoming free from the bondage of the powerful, have burst the narrow limits of their immediate environment, the necessary outward expression of their thoughts has everywhere kept pace with the evolution of their political and social life.

Of the operation of this law English literature gives proof abundant and conclusive. The rise of the British drama in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was but a logical consequence of the broadening of men's ideas in the various fields of human knowledge. The gradual extension of European power to the limits of the globe and the slow but decisive release from the blind worship of Aristotle, begun by Bacon and finally consummated by Newton, involved more than the enrichment of royal coffers and the widening of philosophic speculation. Was it strange that in an England just awakening to its own rapid development a new literature should spring up? A people victorious at home and in distant lands, proud of their newly-felt strength, were naturally eager to see life depicted in all its brightness, and to this desire the stage lent a simple answer. As we may assign the causes of its luxuriance to an age teeming with enterprise, so in like

manner the following epoch brought its natural companion, the poem, and our own time has witnessed that yet higher development of fiction in that which convention has agreed to call the "novel." The successive steps of these different forms in which the romantic side of our nature expresses itself, though indistinctly defined and often encroaching one on another, reveal a plainly discernible law of progression. To give a completely satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon would require a history of the English language in connection with the accompanying spread of civilization; we may, however, instance the gradual enlightenment of a people's political and religious ideas as typifying, if not hastening, the abandonment of the more restrictive modes of expression. For a genuine reformation of character is out of place on the stage, while detail, beautiful under the touch of the "blind bard of Chios," seems mean and trivial in less noble hands. In this respect the life of a nation is not unlike that of a man. Few pass through youth without at some time conceiving a longing to get beyond their petty surroundings in order to emulate the deeds of romance—this is the dramatic age. A little later poetry is their only food, sentiment their passion; and in a considerable number of persons this delight in the beauties of verse continues strong throughout life, but the average man acquires with his maturity a dislike of all artificiality of dress. A larger environment with its broadening of outlook arouses a desire for the new, the "novel," not necessarily the recent nor the previously unknown, but some fresh way of putting the old problems which our complex and quickly-growing society has not worn threadbare. Into so many channels has our modern novel penetrated, that it is often thought that its Protean nature eludes classification or analysis. A veritable Pegasus, it has taken the bit in its teeth and run away with its riders. Would we delve, however, into this bewildering mass of prose fiction, certain lines of development reward our search; from Richardson to George Eliot the change may be complete, but *Clarissa Harlowe* is none the less the prototype of *Gwendolen Harleth*.

The school of authors of the last century of which Richardson and Fielding were the acknowledged leaders, had quite a different purpose from the writers of the present time. The novel of incident was intended primarily to please an audience whose literary attainments were of the scantiest, and whose desire to escape the ennui of a life of pitiful frivolity, led them to devour four volumes of weak sentimentalism. Giving, it is true, good pictures of the fashionable society of the times, these so-called models are strangely deficient in dramatic power, and with few exceptions consist of a rambling and purposeless chain of adventure and intrigue. Their morality so often extolled would have us believe that low-minded villains, capable of enormities almost bestial, are the best of good fellows solely because they become maudlin at every scene of distress. Guided by such a standard we should all be sowing our wild oats as deep and as widely as we might, and obtain loud applause in the last chapter by repenting on our death-beds. If a passage of great power is sometimes unearthed from the midst of this dross, if an exuberance of joy now and then bursts forth, we feel the lack of that personality which in the more highly developed novel of to-day kindles our sympathy and carries us along by this very strength rapidly and willingly. No! Fielding shows us a stage crowded with actors, dressed in the costumes of the period and filling their rôles well, but we sit afar, and when the curtain has descended we depart, having been amused perhaps, but soon forgetting all that we have seen.

As English fiction progressed, the personal relation of the reader to the characters depicted grew closer and stronger. We might trace the milestones of this varying yet steady growth through the simple tales of Goldsmith, the sombre stories of Mrs. Radcliffe, the artistic narratives of Jane Austen, and through those familiar romances from which we obtained our first glimpses of history—all of these writers are on a distinctly higher moral plane than their predecessors, but the strong light of individuality which bids us love our fellow men does not yet shine forth

in all its intensity. Not until we come to consider those novelists who seem hardly gone does this feeling display itself in every line.

With all his whimsicality and constant description of the unimportant, in spite of his subservience to the grotesque, Dickens possessed in a wonderful degree the power to give strength to his creations. So easily are we led by this master that when he preaches a sermon we make such haste to follow his precepts that there is danger of running to the other extreme. The debtors have been released from prison, are we quite fair to the creditors? A prince of satire exposing the thousand follies of fashion and the vulgarity among the wealthy, carrying a whip of scorn for all that is mean and low wherever found, sounding a note of kindly praise for nobility of life and honesty of purpose—such was Thackeray. Man he could paint with sweetness and force, woman was to him either an imp of villainy or a pretty nonentity.

In George Eliot—for the pseudonym under which this epoch-making woman has won a place in so many hearts, seems her most fitting title—English prose fiction reaches its highest perfection. Her aim, to idealize the commonplace, has been carried out with a calm scrutiny of character and a subtle analysis of motive which while requiring the closest attention never produces languor. At the time of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, Napoleon remarked, "What more tragic than the struggle in the mind of a wise and powerful ruler when called upon to decide whether he shall do something which he knows to be essential and just, but which bears an outward appearance of tyranny and hardship, and which will cover his name with ignominy?" Just such mental tempests were George Eliot's delight. With abilities which would have given her fame as a philosopher, poet, essayist or preacher, like her aunt from whom Dinah Morris was modeled, she has written not mere incident to please the child, nor delineated character for the grown man, but choosing the more reflective for her readers, has created men and women who exemplify the foremost thought of the day. The profits

of a large sale, and the praise of the critics have been the rewards of many a writer who possessed a good eye for describing landscape or an aptness at startling situation; in this noble mind was combined an ardent love of nature with the power to give life and personality to a great principle. The advice of Prince Hamlet to the players, "to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," has been rigorously followed. Science applied to history and religion has been boldly turned to aid fiction, and the idea that the scientific and moral view of the world is incapable of artistic treatment, is indeed its negation has been shattered forever.

What then are we to say of the school of Zola, of the school whose fundamental theory proclaims that the complexity of modern civilization has eliminated from the novel all moral considerations, and is the harbinger of the "unvarnished experiment in human passion?" Theological agnosticism tends not more inevitably to atheism than this doctrine to practical immorality. In a sense this is the old misconception of many a poet, who appealing to the people through the narration of every-day experiences has found an audience only among men of the highest culture. Combined with a scientific training the true novelist must have a fertile imagination, must have the power so highly esteemed by Swinburne, "to make us feel in every nerve that thus and not otherwise we must and would have felt and thought and spoken under the proposed conditions," and above all the ability to give personality to his creations by presenting an individual as type of a class.

It is in this latter respect that the masterpieces of to-day excel those of the past. Let us take for example change of character as depicted by Fielding and George Eliot. Tom Jones, a young man addicted to "boosing in ale houses with a pack of footmen and ladies' maids,"—we quote good old Col. Newcome—is the hero of so many low intrigues that there can be no doubt in regard to his real disposition. Yet the prospect of obtaining the forgiveness of his lady-love affects a transformation more sudden than that of the

harlequin in the pantomime. A mechanical repentance of this kind amounts to a mere change of activity on the same level. How different is the deep reformation which comes over the life of Gwendolen Harleth! Her's was a sad experience; she sacrificed all that was noble and womanly in her nature that she might obtain what the world calls wealth and position, and how bitter was her cup of sorrow! Her secret sufferings, her long struggle with a foolish fear, the first faint streams of light let into her soul by Deronda, are beautifully drawn—our most intimate friends we know not so well as this weak yet strong woman. In this delicate portrayal of inner personality lies George's forte, in the overproduction of mental analysis perhaps her only fault. To this difficult height of mind-painting two writers alone have given promise of attainment, George Meredith, the ingenious humorist, though his wit be thoughtful rather than spontaneous, and the author of *Robert Elsmere*, who has shown such great power in giving a psychological rendering of character. The works of both evince the highest development of the individual in the unfolding of the man's most sacred impulses.

So we find this great law of growth running through all English literature, sometimes halting, even losing ground, but at last gaining a fitting triumph. Nor is this principle confined to a single sphere. Music under the leadership of the German composers brought men nearer to heaven, strengthened the personal connection with the divine; while science through the infinite investigations of its disciples disclosed more and more of the beauties of nature. The expansion of England and English thought has created a fiction noble and healthful, and in spite of poor deluded Charles Lamb, it is not yet "free from the nuisance of moral restrictions." Its simple teachings it inculcates not by a number of examples of depravity, for that tends more to deaden than stimulate the moral faculty, nor by showing the rewards to the vile of an artificial repentance, but by suggesting the capacities and inclinations of man for uprightness in the picture of what he really is. Who is not better for having known honest Jan Rid, for having

followed Maggie Tulliver throughout her course of headstrong wandering, for having become indignant at the cruelties inflicted upon Oliver Twist? Romance has created numberless characters, neither faultless nor steeped in iniquity, none the less do they exert a potent influence on many a young life. The greatest strength of a writer of fiction lies in the ability to indicate to man the ideal in human nature by setting before him a truthful picture of the real. From this stand-point our "prose epic" is an educator more instrumental for good than any other form of literature, as Saladin's keen blade excelled the giant sword of Richard. We are not surprised to see such men as Ebers use narrative as a setting for Egyptology, Holmes for his essays, Dr. Hammond for medicine. The best answer to materialism is John Inglesant and Robert Elsmere reflects the most advanced religious thought.

What shall we say of the novel of the future? The hero will no longer marry because "she was pretty and he fell in love," but that his outlook may be wider, his resolution more firm. Nor shall we expect a mere series of "experiments in human passion"—that theory has proven a fallacy though but just enunciated. The public devours a good book and then a bad one, swears by Shakespeare while reading trash, even now tales of flawless characters bring tears, because we read emotionally and not intellectually, and because there are some whose theories on politics and society are fifty years behind the times. But when we shall have learned to look to works of the imagination for something besides a momentary tingle of mental satisfaction, the novel will no longer contain the vaunted egotism of the self-lauded reformer, nor the dullness of the spiritually timid, but will repeat the glad song of one who feels that he has gained somewhat of truth, and wishes all the world to come and partake.

Howard W. Vernon.

A VESTAL.

She muses while the sunbeams creep
In slanting piers of light,
She muses when the shadows sleep
About the fire at night.

Troops of To-morrows cross her thought
In happy Junes and Mays,
And ghosts of dim Septembers fraught
With kindly yesterdays.

Her's is the Vestal's waiting air,
The silence sweet and weird,
More wisdom nestles in her hair
Than crouched in Nestor's beard.

And all her terms of nights and days
The world's first dreamings fill,
She moves among forgotten ways,
Unvisited and still.

Arthur Willis Colton.

WALKING.

DISCONTENT in us is due largely to lack of red blood in the veins, of the coarse salt of vigor in the frame. We need at times a thorough quickening. If life lacks its comfortable wholesome smack, then cast about to gain the needful salt to stir into your cake. You will enjoy its plums the more for this. Good sweet sleep and rousing exercise bring content, sweeping the clouds from your sky so that you see shining blue in the distance the mountain tops of truth and happiness. In exercise nothing compares to a sturdy heel-and-toe walk with a straight and easy swing from the hips. It is a physical luxury and brings a general upliftedness. It drags us out of our ruts onto the level ground, bearing us out under the open heavens. The ever-shifting views of a day's tramp shed

on us an influence too much neglected among our hurried people, the peaceful and sweetening influence of nature.

On a winter's day take a friend after your own heart, and, with the snow crunching under your feet, tramp on up hill and down dale. Up the hill may come toiling sweet-breathed oxen, their flanks all steaming, dragging a creaking wood sled. In the dale runs a gossipy brook now hiding under snowy arches and airy little towers, again swirling black and gloomy below the tired bridge. What a tragic air for such a lively little person? Light flashes from every frozen crystal, the cold air fairly sparkles with life. The whistle of a far off train sounds faintly. Below lies the lake locked in its deep winter's sleep. Against the sky stands out in silhouette the wood with naked branches. And spread over all, the soft white mantle of the snow wrapping every twig and tiny cone, and bringing to my heart not loneliness, but a sense of warmth and comfort, a surety that the valley is nestled under the wing of the All Good. Surely such scenes and patterns should be woven into the piece of our education.

Let no wet weather keep you in, tired of your own and others' company. Push out into the lanes and woods and drink in the pine needles' spicy smell. Brush by the sagging boughs dripping with wet and baptise yourself in the flying drops. How the rain brings out the delicate colors on trunk of beech and maple, and weights with its wealth of pearls the heavy-nodding grass. The dainty cobwebs all silvered by the dew lie revealed. The mist in dissolving shapes comes floating across the meadows and loses itself entangled in the woods. The swollen waters of the little streams jostle through their narrows in a boisterous hurry for the lower pools. You wrestle with the wind that sweeps up the road cut into a labyrinth of waterways, every larger puddle an ocean. You come home out of breath and stained with mud, but happy, perfectly, smilingly happy.

Given an afternoon late in the fall, however, and the answer to the problem is most satisfactory. The roadside is fringed with the fine spars and brittle sheets of ice, the

dry leaves give a most alluring rustle to scuff through. Big clouds come rushing up out of the west and chase their shadows across the brown slopes. The corn-fields lie despoiled, their banners down, their ranks broken. The red of barberry and thorn bush give a dash of color to the scene. Everything conspires to put you into a didactic mood, and you stride along throwing off ideas that have been long forming, yet have never before risen in words to the surface. You tramp on with the grim satisfaction of forcing yourself to work, in fancy sometimes a soldier fired with love of country, sometimes a knight of olden times acting doughty deeds. The sun, prodigal of his riches, sinks in a blaze of glory down over the distant hills, flooding his golden light through the woods, sending his bright beams over a sky close packed with fleecy clouds. A belated bumblebee goes booming past. The curtain of the night has fallen. Over the frozen ground carts returning home from market rumble by in the dark. Lights peep out from the town; on you go and soon the lines of lamps down the street are blinking at you. Then the breathless delight of the dash of cold water on coming in all of a glow, the calm unruffled enjoyment in a fresh crackly shirt, and the tingling of the blood running merrily way to the tips of your toes.

Thus you have been quickened, and are to-day alive. Then walk, walk yourself into health and happiness, walk yourself into the possession of a sound out-door everyday philosophy worth volumes of Seneca and Plato.

John Crosby.

SOME ASPECTS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

THIRTY years ago, in the city of London, there took lodgings a young man who, because of the deep love he bore to literature, despite a diet of oatmeal, was determined to be an author. To-day, the same man, gray and with a slight stoop, may be seen either at his cottage under one of Surrey's modest hills, or at the *chalet*-studio half way to its summit, living and working as though he were still a youth, rarely stopping to think of himself as the greatest novelist in England. In the years between, not a little both of prose and verse has been written by his pen; but owing doubtless to a German education, and to the metaphysics thus acquired, his poems are rugged, philosophic, rock-like. Only in his novels will we find sweet flowers.

If, knowing nothing of George Meredith, you would become acquainted with the man, see to it that your mind be active, keen to follow through his pages. Then, with an outlook upon the ocean where the waves rise and fall and mingle confusedly together, open "Richard Feverel," and trace the workings of a system. Yet, how much more than the history of the system does the book contain. At the very outset we are met by Adrian, the most selfish and delightful personage in fiction, by Adrian, the "Wise Youth," who has mastered his philosophy at twenty, and whose heart has so far slipped toward his stomach that he seems, as it were, to carry the flag of his beliefs in front of him; whose only intimates are Gibbon and Horace, the epicures of literature; for whom life is a grand ironic procession with laughter of gods in the background. Ah, you think, if only Becky could have met him before she married Rawdon. But you are not allowed to loiter. Even now, the boy Richard is developing a wild dash and spirit beyond the ken of Thackeray, nay, approaching, and then passing, that of Thomas Tulliver; and so we are hurried on through sweet mead-

ows and midnight talks of Richard with his girl-bride, on through the bowers of Circe, to the final break-down of the system in the dark valley at the close. Looking back, it is hard to tell whether you have read a sermon against false education or lived a tragedy, so evenly balanced is the scorn and sorrow. Try Beauchamp; it is quite as much a riddle. That wild "wind-in-the-orchard style" with which it opens has blown against your face before. It is the very breath of Thomas Carlyle, Nevil's beloved and incomprehensible lecturer on Heroes. But Rosamund—I fear it will go hard with you to find her equal in your reading. For love and watchfulness of Nevil she may be another Lady Castlewood, but for strength added to tenderness she is incomparably more; a creation, in the best sense, representative of our author, who, though rich and original by Nature, drinks deep draughts nightly from his predecessors.

To kill folly with his laugh, to picture the inexorable working of natural laws, to make the rich man think more kindly of his poorer brother, and to tear down creeds and systems when Reason gives the word, these are some of the things for which Meredith has lived and written. With such a multitude of pent up energies, no wonder that his books are full, or that the waters are from different sources. But, separated from the rest, there is one which, for unity of purpose and that "absence of loose ends and gaping issues" which marks artistic work, may be named with "Silas Marner." It is the story of the Kentish damsel, "Rhoda Fleming," and "runs from a home of flowers into regions where flowers are few and sickly, on to where the flowers which breathe sweet breath have been proved in mortal fire." As you read this tragedy, brightened only by the placid Gammon and his apple dumplings, your eyes are opened to the tremendous power there is in Meredith when he chooses to concentrate, to do one and only one thing at a time. There is little need for you to labor over "Rhoda Fleming;" but with the great body of his prose, how different. It is not like an interminable Swiss forest through which we cut our way to find at intervals a resting

place, where the trees have been cut down and the sky is visible to mortals, whence the Alps may be dimly sighted, or where the warm breezes from the Adriatic are softly blowing? Certainly, it is in such places that Meredith has hidden his fairest people, where Renée, Nevil's "starred black night," is queen.

But epics are not made up of lyrics, nor will his single scenes, idyllic as they are, account for the fame and reputation of George Meredith. What is it that underneath the disordered mass of his material, and notwithstanding the off-and-on gallop of his periods, is so enchanting? In two words, it is his wit and wisdom, his observations and reflections upon men,—wit so lavish and so rich that it seems as though La Rochefoucauld must have taught our novelist his art. It is this, I think, which more than his characters, more than his terse descriptions, stamp him an original. For epigrams and *pensées* do not come to us by reading, but by hoarding of experience, or, as his mountain song to Björnson's Arne, by storing up the thoughts let slip by others.

And now, beneath the impress left by brother authors, beneath his own wit and satire, let us try to find his heart. For many years there were those who denied that it existed. But because many of his characters lie stretched upon the rack, for this reason is the man unsympathetic? Because he lashes systems, is he sure to be a cynic? From him who is accused we have an answer. There is nothing which the body suffers which may not be of profit to the soul. "Who can think and not think hopefully?"

Henry Opdyke.

TWILIGHT VOICES.

Πόντια, πόντια νύξ,
 ὑπνοδότεια τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
 Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι.

—*Euripides.*

Hasten, O Night! ye queenly transcendent,
 Bearing sweet rest from the regions of shade,
 Mounted on wings, though dark, yet resplendent,
 That woo to forgetfulness hillside and glade!
 Cease thy dark flight—a worn heart confesses
 The peace that it knows in thy silken caresses;
 Damp are thy garments and damp thy black tresses,
 But bright is thy crown with starlight inlaid.

Soft be the breezes that play on the meadows,
 Tender the light of the stars in the sky,
 Laid be the spirits whose shrouds are the shadows
 That darken the heart and deaden the eye;
 Let me forget, while the moments are flying,
 The discords of life that, in bitterness crying,
 Tell us of loveliness, suffering, dying,
 Tell us no tale but ends in a sigh.

Far in the distance I hear the waves rolling
 On with the sound of the trampling sea,
 Aloft from yon tower the death-bells are tolling
 Out admonitions to me and to thee;
 Rest there is none for the feet that grow weary
 In scaling the heights, and all nature, though cheery,
 Yet chants to herself a low miserere—
 Maybe a dirge for the souls that go free.

Sleep! let me rest till the gates that are golden
 Turn on the hinge of melodious sound;
 Let my lone couch be the forest whose olden
 Trunks and gnarled arms keep the shadows around.
 Me, like the oaks beneath deep mosses sleeping,
 No care shall disturb of busy winds creeping
 O'er my low couch, nor where they are heaping
 It high with the leaves that whirl o'er the ground.

T. W. Buchanan.

HALF-WAY PLACES.

IN our unguided wanderings through the days, in the midst of our roaming thoughts, we sometimes find ourselves beyond the grasp of sentient life, of hand and foot, touch, sight and taste, all that makes us conscious of ourselves. Dante was once "in a gloomy wood astray," and strayed on across the border-land of life; nor can anyone tell at what point or season of his journey, in what motion of his thoughts and dreams he may find himself in a place half way between the two worlds of which we dwell in one and hope for the other. A dreamer was Dante, and came to his vision while astray.

You are sitting by the fire, perhaps at night. Outside the winter is cold and still, and the sidewalk meets the feet of the passers with a hard, bitter sound. The moon drifts through the tree tops and makes a glimmer across the ivy on the walls and on the bent head of the statue that for years, in sun and moon and storm, has watched in bronze silence the street and the people passing. Some clouds hang about the edges of the sky like foam on the seashore, but overhead nothing breaks the restless rule of the stars.

Your fire spreads a glow through the dusky room, and you sit in the light of it thinking of many things, of your hopes and failures, the wrongs you have done and all the gentleness of life that you have missed. It seems a little thing in the "amber of memory" to have had a pleasant hour, but a great thing to have lost one. You think of time and change till you can almost hear the minutes trip by with dainty feet, and after them the stately tread of an hour.

Down deep in the red heart of the coals the life of the fire ebbs and flows, ranges back and forth like an imprisoned spirit wild for flame-life and freedom, and you feel yourself grow into strange sympathy with it, a sympathy that excludes all distinct consciousness of the things about

you, the chairs, tables and curtains, and the various sounds from the street. Everything seems strange and far away, and all sights and sounds merged into one impression, as out of a manifold orchestral music will grow at last a uniform design, a "house of the sounds." You feel sunk far back into yourself, in some undreamt-of chamber of your heart, hushed and listening. No sound but the sense of a great murmuring, neither darkness nor light, but rather a shadow where there is knowledge of light near.

Suddenly, without consciousness of its approach, surprise or change in the order of thought, you are aware of someone standing quietly near, whose features are framed in the darkness that crowds closely around it. The face is a girl's face, pale, the eyes large and wistful, and the mouth like that of one who has a hopeless wish.

The face itself is clearly outlined, but the rest is somewhat indistinct, though you can see that the hands are clasped. She seems to be looking down rather than at you and begins to speak, as though she had been doing so for some time, in a quiet, meditative voice, very like some that you have heard for many years but without their force of reality.

"So they put flowers on the grave and left her among the forgotten and forgetting dead. She had always been afraid to be alone. There was a white stone at the head, very small, for she was only a child. Out beyond the meadows the river wound seaward with a great silver shining. It is a pleasant place in summer; the birds nest thick in the evergreens, and the wild march of the flowers crosses it yearly, but a grave is such a little place to fill in the world. They came often and brought fresh flowers. Some dropped tears, perhaps for what she was, perhaps for what she might have been, so she was not forgotten. But it is not all that is sad, to be forgotten. It is to be unknown by all whom the course of life would have brought near and made dear to her had not death dropped between."

The voice ceases but your thoughts go on in the silence. "It was only the body that was in the grave," you murmur. "The child herself went away into the light."

"Yes," she says, "it may all be well there, but it is no less sad here, this broken future."

A long silence passes and your lips frame the question, "Who are you who are so like others I have known and loved?"

The face begins to fade and the darkness to drift across it like clouds across the face of the moon.

"I am only something which might have been, only a lost sister's unfulfilled future. You never saw her, for the grass has grown and withered for twenty years and more on her grave. She had only four of life, but it was enough for a future." Fading! still fading! With bowed head you sit motionless and listening. "It will be very sad for you to remember me, but it will be a more beautiful way of living. I only came to tell you how mournful is that which might have been. If you will remember this I shall be something more than a lost future; I shall have done something, and that makes all things real.

Voice and all are gone and you drop back to your old thoughts with a feeling of desolation and longing.

Is it well to go to these half-way places only to come back so disconsolate? She said it would be sad but more beautiful, and perhaps it is, only sad that you may sometime see the beauty.

The fire is faint and dull, bound with grey ashes and the bells strike two.

Arthur Willis Colton.

NOTABILIA.

THERE was a time when it seemed that the formation of the Yale Assembly meant but the writing of another chapter in the history of unsuccessful attempts to revive the spirit of Linonia and Brothers, and there are many to-day who fail to find in Yale life enough excuse, not to say demand for its existence. But enough has happened of late both within and without the Assembly not only to justify the old but to raise new hopes for its success and usefulness. We do not care to dwell on the adoption and working of the "Ministry" system and the revived interest in the meetings largely consequent upon this. We are thinking of the other side of the question. We have been to a good many public meetings during our three and a-half years of college life and noticed that one of their most characteristic features was often a general looseness of parliamentary procedure, that was ridiculous when its effects were not too serious. We remember, as an illustration, that a motion to adjourn was declared out of order, when the occupant of the chair thought it best to do otherwise than adjourn, and there was no objection made to the ruling. Now there is a very marked aversion among college men to anything that approaches an unnecessary obtrusion of the niceties of parliamentary law when important business is before them. This is in the main natural and not unreasonable. But when this dislike of being confused with overfine distinctions develops into a positive disregard of foundation principles of parliamentary law, the effect on the business in hand at any single meeting is not apt to be particularly beneficial, while the general reflection which it casts on some aspects of our college life is decidedly unpleasant.

There is a great deal in favor of keeping the college world very distinctly separate from the outside world. From its almost complete seclusion come many of the features which make a college course of such a peculiarly unique value in all the experiences of life. But we have

at the same time absolutely no right to forget that outside world, to forget that in its drama of life we are sooner or later to play our parts, and that each one who has passed a novitiate here will for that reason be called upon there to fill a nobler rôle. The especial fact has been impressed on us of late that citizenship is ahead of us and that when it comes it will bring very trying demands on our strength as well as our patriotism. And it will be in the so-called minor duties of the citizen that the demands will be hardest to meet. But if we mean to meet them, if we mean to play our part and stand for our idea of the right as faithfully in the ward caucus as we will in the United States Senate, if the call comes for us to serve there, we may feel sure that there is a great deal for us to do in public meetings hereafter. Why then, in the name of simple duty, do we not see to it that we know the first principles of procedure in such meetings? True, we can learn them from experience, but we shall be severely handicapped from the start if we rely on this method. It is then in a corresponding degree to our hope or lack of hope that college men will prepare themselves to answer these demands, that we look forward to the rise or fall of the Assembly. And there seems more than a probability on the brighter side. For it is a fact that to the study of general political principles we are turning our thoughts very seriously and the discussions of the Assembly have thus far dealt almost exclusively with these, thus running very closely parallel to the general course of college thought, while it offers itself as both a school for the study of the theories and an arena for the trial of the practices of political life.

In this connection it may not be impertinent to suggest to the officers of the Assembly that they themselves insist more strictly, in the meetings, on the maintenance of parliamentary law, while it should be the recognized duty of each member to resist unflinchingly whatever seems to him an infringement of that law. And we do not think ourselves unreasonably optimistic to believe that when something like a fair appreciation of the importance of these rules of procedure shall be felt in the college at large, the speaker of the Assembly shall be a recognized parlia-

mentary leader and on him, as by his position best qualified for it, shall devolve the charge of general college and class meetings.

OUR leader of two months previous was one of the means of bringing especially to our mind the political duties of college men and it suggests a parallel line of thought that has formed the subject of more than one annual editorial in our daily contemporary. It is a fact that under the influence of our economic studies, college men often shift their point of view of the political situation entirely and it is a very plain duty that they should follow that new line of action which there opens up before them. It is also a fact that very soon after leaving college many of them shift this point of view back again almost to where it was originally. This makes an observer naturally suspicious and it is very evident that something is wrong. The all-wise partisan philosopher of the newspaper world with a satisfied complacency explains the change as a simple substitution of common sense for "theory." At this use of the latter word we find our vocal organs preparing themselves for the pronunciation of gutturals under the influence of that physiological instinct which is said to explain the fact that "our armies swore terribly in Flanders." That the United States happens at present to be practicing it, does not make protection any the less a "theory" than free trade, and when this simple fact is once accepted there will be a much better understanding among those who take opposite sides in these matters. At the same time there is a difference between the understanding and the application of principles and it is not conducive to the best preparation for political life to absorb ourselves for any length of time too exclusively in one or the other. It is very significant that there is hardly a professional student of economics the country over that is not more or less thoroughly a free trader. But a majority of our statesmen are, at present writing, on the other side of the question and it is neither dignified nor fair to class them all as fools or selfish politi

cians. Major Butterworth, General Sherman, William McKinley and Henry Cabot Lodge are all men of reputed intellectual vigor and at least some degree of patriotism. Would not these men, if their services could be secured, have something to say to college men that would be worth listening to on the subject of protection in the United States? They would treat their subject from a different standpoint before us from that which they are wont to assume before their usual audiences, and if they did not shake our political faith in the least degree their work would not be in vain. Our principles would be held much more firmly if while we were learning them we could at the same time test their working power. But we would not be in favor of excluding like representatives of the other school. We believe that a connected series of University lectures by public men on the most mooted points of political economy would be a great help to college men in their preparation for public life.

IN spite of any unfriendly feeling to the contrary the judges have taken no pleasure in asserting their right to refuse to award the LIT. medal this year. Two out of the three were members of the Faculty, the impartiality of whose decisions is beyond question. They only performed a disagreeable duty. That only two men from the class who are about to take charge of the LIT. and in general, in their position as seniors, to be more or less directly accountable for the literary tone of the college, and that these two were outside the number of active competitors for an editorial position are facts that we have no desire to dwell upon. We simply commend them as food for reflection to any who are interested.

BEFORE we again go to press the next board of editors will be chosen. We have only to ask that each ballot cast in their election represent an honest and intelligent effort to choose the five men best qualified to conduct the LIT. It goes without saying that those who are not willing or able to cast such a ballot are asked to stay away from the election.

PORTFOLIO.

—Though the case of *L'art pour l'art* against the defendant, whom we may name Pure Living, is not likely to be decided for many years, and may not be at all, still a piece of biographical evidence on the subject is always interesting. If this evidence is the story of a Yale man it is all the more so. Of New England parents, Edward Roland Sill inherited a head that questioned and a heart that must believe. It was out of the struggle between the two that he became a poet. As early as his college days the creed upon which he had lived his boyhood fell from him; and so after being graduated with the class of 'sixty-one, though he had wished to be a minister, he became a teacher. And now he seemed to grow. Soon poems, signed with his initials, began to appear in the leading magazines. Sometimes the results of long thinking, sometimes the slightest thought did duty as a subject. He had a bright way of seeing through sham and then turning it inside out, with just a "Strange" or "A Paradox" to catch the reader's eye. But it was never bitter, it was never complaining. He loved everything to be restful; and for this reason he was always happy when in the midst of Nature, surrounded by that beauty which man neither makes nor unmakes, the beauty which he finds. But the theme which he treats best in life, and the things that go to make it up, "Peace," "Faith," "Home," "Service," "Solitude," these are the words above his verses, and one feels pretty sure that it is the poet's own faith in solitude that is thus commemorated. And now to what end is the evidence; what can we gather from this man? Perhaps only a thought that is old, but at least a beautiful one. The truest poetry—not the most powerful or passionate, but the truest—the truest poetry and the highest spiritual life must go together. And of those who have written the one and lived the other, of such men as Browning and Shelley, Sill will remain a type. In his early manhood he was probably quite as wretched as Lord Byron, but inasmuch as he did what was demanded of him, Despair was quickly metamorphosed into Hope; so that when he died two years ago, both the heated valley and the bleak plateau were below the climber. And because of the heights his voice comes with authority. H. O.

—In order to enter upon any real criticism of "Keats' Letters to Fanny Brawne," it is extremely necessary that one should appreciate to the fullest extent the peculiar and melancholy circumstances under which his love letters were written. However gifted Mr. Swinburne may be as a judge of poetry—and the prevailing opinion seems to be that he is the foremost modern critic of verse—his article on Keats in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives the impression that he hastily perused and spent but little thought upon the thirty-seven letters of Keats to his betrothed, Fanny Brawne. Mr. Swinburne, in his slight comment upon them, remarks that merciful and respectful editors would never have made them public, overlooking the fact that what ever enhances our knowledge of the great poet and enables us to form a truer and more symmetrical estimate of him ought to be always welcomed. The last three years of Keats, during which these letters were written, were indeed wretched and dispiriting enough for a person with the keenly strung sensibilities of this unique man of genius. Desperately in love, yet hardly supplied with the ordinary necessities of life and with but few rifts for a bright future in the gloomy clouds of his finances, he felt, perhaps, more than his letters reveal, the true nature of that fatal disease which was making the gulf between him and Miss Brawne ever wider and more impassable. For a man of even a sanguine temperament such a hopeless state of affairs would have required a stout heart and an ebullition of spirits not to sink despondingly beneath the increasing burden of unfortunate circumstances. When these facts have been clearly understood, this scanty collection of letters is read with much more sympathy and with far greater respect for their author. A few of them—perhaps a half a dozen—are somewhat puerile in their charges and complaints, but how easy it is, remembering the abnormal, feverish state of the poet whose hand, even when he was in better health than usual, revealed the touch of death to Coleridge, to exercise the judgment of charity and to note them as a proof of the poet's alarmingly feeble condition! The reader of Keats' poetry is seized with a peculiar sensation in the perusal of it, as if he had been stumbling through a hazy mist or walking in the still moonlight over uncanny regions of mythology and imagination. Keats as a poet seems an etherealized, disembodied spirit: we attempt to grasp his hand, but, lo! we clutch

the air! It is just here that these letters supply the missing link and make good a well known deficiency. Before we only saw his profile; now we have a front view of him, and the picture is complete. We see Keats at his chamber window, anxiously peering out to catch a glimpse of his sweetheart; we see him eating the jelly the Brawnes have sent him and smearing his friend's best book with it, vainly attempting to lick the stain away, which still left a "purple" spot, to use his own expression. Again he is sitting by the window, his face all aglow with intense pleasure as he listens to the notes of a compassionate thrush which sings to him from a tree in the yard. Yet oftener we find him, pale and emaciated, upon his bed dreaming of Fanny Brawne or wearily correcting the proofs of "*Lamia and Isabella*." These letters, however, have another feature of perhaps more genuine value for the lovers of Keats' poetry: they give conclusive evidence that Keats' love of the beautiful permeated his whole being and, far from being confined to the mere expression of it in his poetry, was ever the central, vivifying thought of all his writings. They only serve to bring into clearer and brighter relief the picture his poetry presents of him, in his unknown and unutterable yearnings for beauty and truth. What sentence more truly interprets the noble meaning of the poet's life, which has been so strangely and persistently misunderstood, than this from his seventeenth letter? "If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in *all* things."

E. S. W.

—During the past few months there has been on exhibition at the American Art Gallery in New York City, a collection of pictures done in oil by a Russian artist, Vasilli Verestchagin, which has been the object of the most widespread attention and has brought forth at the same time the highest praise and, for incidental features, the most severe condemnation. For the cause of this general interest the intrinsic worth of the paintings does not wholly account, and one must rather look to the deep moral purpose of the owner in transporting them to this country. Unlike many galleries which are composed of examples of various schools, countries and periods, here we find each study filling its distinct niche which contributes to the symmetry of the whole. With few exceptions

the subjects have been chosen with a view either to the reproduction or suggestion of the horrors incident to modern warfare. To impress us with the misery and loathsomeness of even civilized carnage no spectacle is too gruesome, no battlefield too revolting. In a homely but very attractive autobiography Verestchagin styles himself soldier, painter, traveler, and it was while journeying through British India that several of his strongest sketches were obtained. A close friend of General Skobelev and others of the chief commanders of the last Turko-Russian war, he enjoyed the opportunities of inspecting the different phases and details of a strife amidst the snows of an unusually severe winter. Such a scene as is depicted in a large canvass called "After the Battle," is typical of the whole collection and unfolds its educational element. A vast field of corpses lying in irregular rows over which the impatient soldiers have cast a few shovelfuls of earth is the main feature. In the foreground stands a priest of the Greek church, clad in all the habiliments of his sacred office, swinging a censor and at the same time chanting a requiem for the souls of the dead. The blanched faces and the mangled limbs delineated with faithful realism, create a feeling of sublime awfulness which cannot but make the heart sad. The infliction of capital punishment is represented in a group of three paintings of magnificent proportions, showing the Roman crucifixion, the Russian hanging and the method practised by the English garrison in India of blowing the Parsee priests from the cannon's mouth. Further enumeration is unnecessary. The harshness of the climate and the barrenness of the country, the wretched hospitals, reeking with disease and filth, and above all the actual carnage, reproduce war's darkest side by means of the master brush of a truthful eye-witness. In the face of such misery what thought can there be of glory? The inclination is rather to draw back with a shudder, and with this feeling of disgust the moral is not likely to pass unheeded. Shall we, with the art critics, censure Verestchagin for his over-coloring and crowding of figures, for his "delight in the horrible," or shall we learn our lesson in company with admiring thousands, who have thus gained a truer conception of modern warfare? Without the action of Millais or Rosa Bonheur, or the microscopic exactness of Meissonier, Verestchagin's place is certainly in the first rank of living artists. Through the translation and popularity of Russian literature

which has increased so rapidly of late years throughout our land, and through Mr. Kennan's sketches, now being published in the *Century*, the life and customs of Russia are becoming familiar to us, and in furnishing sound views of its terrors, political and climatic, no one has done more than Vasilli Verestchagin.

H. W. V.

—I stood, one summer evening, looking down from the crest of an abruptly sloping eminence, upon a field celebrated as the scene of a great and decisive battle. The wooded ridges that swept in imposing semicircles far into the darkening distance, the chequered stretches of corn-fields and meadow-land, the scattered roofs of the neighboring village grew, one by one, less distinct as the shadows deepened and slowly faded from view, until the only object plainly visible was a battered, dismounted cannon, whose grim outline remained for some moments blackly projected against the waning light of the western sky. Not a sound broke on the still night; even the summer breeze was at rest. At such a moment, and amid such surroundings I could not help reflecting on the causes of the strange fascination that steals over one as he wanders about an old battlefield, and the thought came to me that it is, perhaps, not alone the sense of a victory won for country or for civilization, nor yet the love, inherent in the human heart, of deeds of enterprise or daring that most attracts us to such spots as these. May it not be that there we most fully recognize, unconsciously perhaps, the existence in man's nature of a pure and holy principle, powerful even amid scenes of pain and death; the principle of self-sacrifice, of devotion to a high ideal. For call it what you will, heroism, honor, patriotism—this is the true spur and stimulus to all noteworthy action, on the field or in the cabinet. It is inspiring to behold one man forcing his way through temptation and difficulty with his eye ever fixed on the guiding star of truth, but for thousands to brave suffering, death itself, in devotion to what they believe, perhaps mistakenly, to be right and holy, this is a sublime spectacle. An individual man may rise above the common level of his fellows, may cherish a lofty ideal, may overcome tremendous difficulties, and the credit is his own; but when the multitude, the humble, unhonored multitude can thus conquer even the fear of death, there is augured the existence of some spark of purer impulse lying deeply hidden among the

frailties of our common nature. And it is this spirit, so silent in its workings when peace and inaction suffer it to slumber, so all-consuming when trial and danger of any sort fan it to a flame, that haunts the fields of great battles, even as the dead of Marathon are said to haunt that plain, fascinating us by its sublimity and furnishing an invincible arguments against pessimistic distrust of the future.

J. W. B.

—The voiceless current makes a detour about a huge rock, and between the stone and the bank I come upon a deep pool, the tranquil home, I feel sure, of many a dainty trout. The water is remarkably clear, and peeping softly over the edge I see a great fellow fast asleep upon the bottom. He is a perfect monster—a whole sixteen ounces larger than Jack's famous catch last week. "Now, Master Jack, here is an end to your reign. By this, my trusty rod and line, and the connivance of Sir Trout, I shall straightway eject you from your comfortable throne by the tavern fire. Let me but win this brilliant beauty in the pool, and the brethren of the angle shall own another king." With the quiet of the proverbial mouse I arrange my weapons and form a plan of campaign. Somehow the line is all in a tangle, and the more I work over the thousand and one knots, the more confusing they become. My fingers are all thumbs. What if my prey should escape; horrible thought! Again I venture a careful, very careful survey of the pool. The trout is still there, all safe, or fearfully unsafe, poor fellow. At last the tangle is loosed, the final knot is unraveled, and I am armed for the fray. And now for the cast. If you have ever listened to the gentle whirl of the reel and watched the graceful curves the line makes as it goes leaping out over the waters, and if you have an atom of the sportsman in your composition, you can appreciate the sensations of the moment. Gently as a dead leaf the attractive fly falls on the pool. It makes hardly a ripple as it strikes, but the nervous fish is wide awake in an instant. Suddenly he catches sight of the tempting morsel directly above his nose, and remembers that it is long past his dinner hour. "Here's luck," he thinks, and I agree with him. He gets himself together for a dash, backs off, and with one fell swoop he has captured his meal,—no the meal has captured him. And now the fun commences, fast and furious. First he makes a mad dash up stream, and the line grows hot as it leaves the reel.

Then back he comes in a panic, and always that cruel cord is behind ; speed he ever so fast, he cannot distance it, cannot escape it. Soon he begins to weaken, the reel whizzes no more, it ceases to uncoil, the fish is conquered. I wind the slack line taut, and then, with a strong swift jerk, out he comes, shining and beautiful, and lies panting and flopping on the grass. Jack is outdone.

C. C. M.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

'89 S. Class Committees

Were appointed as follows by J. B. Bailey, President of the class: *Supper Committee*—Wright, Mitchell, Read, Breed and Owen. *Picture Committee*—Moen, Spencer, Field, Klock and Hartwell. *Historians*—Wilson, Wheeler, Taft, Caldwell and Dillingham. *Class Poet*—Newberry. *Statisticians*—W. B. Morrison, Curtis and Stone. *Graduating Committee*—Howard, Rew and Lyman. *Triennial Committee*—Verrill, Martin and Clawson. *Class Cup Committee*—G. Burroughs, Gawtry and Huntington.

Junior Appointments

Were published Jan. 18th, showing a list of 104, the largest number ever awarded.

Philosophical Orations—Amerman, Bedell, DeCamp, Haslam, Small.—5.

High Orations—Baldwin, F. Brooks, Crosby, Dennis, Fowler, Gedney, Hamill, Joslin, Kneeland, McConnel, Meara, Morse, Munger, Opdyke, Porter.—15.

Orations—Beckford, Bliss, Chaffee, Corwith, Jackson, McCormick, McEvoy, Mead, Parsons, Rowe, Shelton, Sherwood.—12.

Dissertations—Bardwell, Bennett, E. Brooks, Collins, Ellsworth, Lester, Lusk, McGuire, Newman, Scharps, H. Shaw, Simmons, Woodward.—13.

First Disputes—Bishop, Bovey, Brown, Capen, Crall, Dussler, Espy, Greene, Hanson, Humphreys, Hurd, Mathewson, Robbins, Scheuerman, J. W. Thompson.—15.

Second Disputes—Bradley, Case, Crehore, Day, Durant, Holmes, Hough, Lowe, McDonnell, Mixer, Morris, Percy, Sage, Tilney, Veeder, Woodruff.—16.

First Colloquies—Abt, Baird, Colton, Farnham, Harrison, Haskell, Holt, Kellogg, Lloyd, Merriam, Phyfe, Pratt, Raynes.—13.

Second Colloquies—Ames, Barbour, Boltwood, Brady, Ebersole, Gilman, Glisan, Griswold, Peter, Phelps, Robinson, Wm. Henry Smith, Wm. Howard Smith, Stewart, Willson.—15.

The Glee Club Concert.

The twenty-third annual winter concert was given at the Hyperion by the Glee and Banjo Clubs January 21st. Following is the program:

PART I.

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| 1. Dorothy, | Banjo Club | <i>Cellier</i> |
| 2. 'Neath the Elms, | | <i>Carm. Yalen</i> |
| 3. The Yale Medley, | | <i>Carm. Yalen</i> |
| 4. A Father's Eye Keeps Guard, | | <i>Abt</i> |
| 5. Integer Vitae, | | <i>Carm. Yalen</i> |

PART II.

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| 1. Homage aux Dames, | Banjo Club | <i>Waldteufel</i> |
| 2. { The Double Loss, } | | <i>Meyer-Helmund</i> |
| { Margarita, } | | |
| Mr. Simmons and Club. | | |
| 3. The Lover's Complaint, | | <i>Glanville</i> |
| 4. { The Lullaby, | | <i>Brahams</i> |
| { Old Colony Times, | | <i>Old English</i> |
| 5. Fairest is She, | | <i>Nevin</i> |

PART III.

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| 1. Kentucky Galopade, | Banjo Club | <i>Rosenfeld</i> |
| 2. Wouldn't You, | Mr. Shearman and Club | <i>Carm. Yalen</i> |
| 3. Down the Road to Sally's, | | <i>Shepard</i> |
| 4. Summer Idyl, | | |
| 5. Dear Old Yale, | | <i>Carm. Yalen</i> |

The Sophomore German

Took place in Loomis' Hall, January 21st, after the Glee Club concert, and was led by Messrs. Hoppin and Brewster. Thirty-four couples were present.

The Junior Promenade

Occurred at the Armory, January 22d, and fully sustained the reputation which this principal social event of the college year has held in the past.

The Senior German

Took place in Loomis' Hall, January 23d. Twenty-seven couples took part and were led by Mr. Armstrong.

The Junior German

In Alumni Hall, occurred at the same time. Fifty-eight couples were present and were led by Mr. Phelps.

Senior Class Officers

Were elected as follows, January 29th: *Promenade Committee*—Underhill, Lucas, Atkins, Francke, Brewster, McMahon, Sherrill, Whittlesey, Cook. *Class Day Committee*—Crummey, Keefe, Merrifield, Peck, Paulding. *Class Supper Committee*—Austin, Douglas, Pike, Waring and West. *Ivy Committee*—Barstow, Buchanan and Sage. *Cup Committee*—Peck, Shearman and Sherrill. *Triennial Committee*—Armstrong, McQuaid and Robinson. *Class Secretary*—McQuaid.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges

Was observed January 31st. In the morning at 11 o'clock Prof. Reynolds addressed the seniors, Prof. Adams the juniors, Mr. F. F. Abbott the sophomores, and Rev. Mr. Nichols the freshmen, in their respective rooms in Dwight Hall. A University meeting at three in the afternoon was largely attended and addressed by Dr. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky.

University Reception.

President and Mrs. Dwight held a very pleasant reception in Dwight Hall, Monday evening, February 4th.

Dwight Hall Lecture.

Professor Sloane, of Princeton, lectured February 4th, in Dwight Hall, on "Christian Tolerance."

BOOK NOTICES.

NOTE—In this department of the January number by printer's error the second paragraph of the second notice was transferred to the end of the first.

Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. By Rodolfo Sanciani, LL.D. With one hundred illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.00. For sale by Judd.

This superb contribution to the subject of Roman antiquities, coming as it does from the pen of the director of excavations for the national government and the municipality of Rome, places before us the results of the latest investigations and discoveries of the first importance, which have been made during recent years. With the year 1870 began a new era for the study of archæology at Rome, when systematic governmental investigations were first entered upon which have been continuously carried on down to the present time. Preceding this the author recognizes four periods since the fall of the empire. The first of these is the period of decay and darkness which engulfed the city of the Cæsars during the middle ages, during which notwithstanding the destruction of the works of art and public buildings of ancient Rome was far less than in the following period of the Renaissance, when the structures of former times became public quarries for material for new buildings. During the third period, extending to the close of the eighteenth century and the conquest of Italy by Napoleon, the churches and remains of mediæval Rome were in turn destroyed by remodellings and restorations. The fourth period has seen the growth of archæology and the protection and preservation of all that has come down.

It is to quicken our zeal in the study of antiquities that this book, written to the young men of this country, has been prepared by the author. The results of the last eighteen years' researches, which besides the magnificent task of disclosing to us the entire forum and unearthing innumerable works of art have added greatly to our knowledge of the prehistoric period and produced invaluable advances in our acquaintance with the topography of ancient Rome, is indeed fitted to kindle our enthusiasm, while the elegance of the volume and the artistic illustrations with which it abounds render it a fitting treasure-house for the store of information which it contains. We cannot leave it without mentioning especially among its heliotypes those of the Forum and the Atrium Vestæ, as well as of the two bronze statues of athlete and boxer discovered in 1885, an account of which, with illustrations, was published in *The Century* in 1887.

The Human Mystery in Hamlet; An Attempt to Say an Unsaid Word. With suggestive parallelisms from the elder poets. By Martin W. Cooke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

The attempt to bring forward at the present day a wholly new solution of the problem of Hamlet is an audacious one and the author at least deserves

credit for his courage. He conceives that in *Hamlet* Shakspeare sought to typify mankind in general rather than to represent the character of an individual, and to express the struggles between a duty imposed by a supernatural power and man's own nature, swayed by passions which he cannot bring into submission with that which is laid upon him. The play thus becomes similar in character to the works of the great Greek dramatist. The argument is well made and develops some interesting points. But it is hard for us to think that Shakspeare could ever have consciously undertaken to represent in a sort of allegory the conflict between the nature of man and the attempt to render obedience to spiritual necessity coming from without. We do not believe that Shakspeare ever consciously formulated any system of philosophy which he then proceeded to inculcate by his writings. His work was eminently individual and concrete, and his success lay in the marvellous power of dramatic sympathy which he possessed, so that throwing himself into the place of the character he had in mind he was able unflinching to develop it consistently with itself in the circumstances by which it is surrounded. So successful was he in this that we never ask with him as with other men whether the character is true to life, whether its creator's philosophy is correct, but we treat it as a historical personage, satisfied that when we have once discovered the dramatist's whole conception all will become clear. This power of dramatic sympathy is very far from mere intellectual strength. It comes not through reasoning but through the feelings and the imagination, and that poet's gift which defies definition and analysis, the gift of the seer. Shakspeare in *Hamlet* as in all his other characters has given us a living man, not a combination of certain psychological elements in specified amounts to represent Man in general, and because he was not a philosopher like Bacon but a dramatist and a poet.

Of the "suggestive parallelisms" perhaps the less said the better. As an illustration of common ideas in different periods of literature they may be worthy of consideration, but to endeavor to make out that Shakspeare drew suggestions from the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Aeneid* of Vergil in the preparation of *Hamlet* requires more conclusive evidence than is here presented. We know that he may have been familiar with the *Aeneid* by translations then existing. It would be an easy matter to search for similar sources of acquaintance with the *Electra*. It may well have been that he caught through others some reflection of the Greek tragedy in that period of revival of classical learning, without being himself familiar with it. But the statement that the *Aeneid* and the *Electra* "furnish rich surface-indications of a continuous vein of interior purpose," and that "Euripides and Sophocles, Ovid and Vergil, and their literary offspring, were his familiar companions" can be accepted only with wide reservations, at least until much better proof has been brought us than Mr. Cooke displays.

The Economic Interpretation of History. Lectures delivered in Worcester College Hall, Oxford, 1887-8. By James E. Thorold Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. For sale by Judd.

The author of this volume has endeavored to trace the economical and social conditions of England, as they exist to-day, to their historical sources, and to throw what light he can on English history from the fourteenth cen-

tury until now, by tracing those economic conditions and that economic legislation which have been so generally neglected by historians up to this time. This is almost the first attempt which has been made to open this important field to the general reader, and unfortunately the work has not been done in a spirit which gives as much confidence in the accuracy of our author, who begins by summarily disposing of all economists and historians who have heretofore studied and written on economic questions, and by building on the ruin he has wrought a structure composed largely of his own egotistical opinions and assertions. His attack on the economist is particularly bitter and, we may add, ill-sustained, for while he sets before himself the task of interpreting English history in the light of Political Economy he nowhere lets us know what he considers the limits or the field of history or Political Economy, or what reliance can be placed on the evidence for the one or the deductions of the other. In fact he does not appear to consider Political Economy as a *science*, for he reduces all economic laws known or discoverable to a few "generalities" as "universal . . . as they are true." Among these "generalities" he mentions:—"the right of the individual to lay out his money . . . to his best advantage," the principle that trade in instruments of credit should be regulated by the state, that the satisfaction of contracts under an "equitable" interpretation must be guaranteed, etc., etc. Having thus at the outset gotten his "*economic generalities*" inextricably mixed up with questions of ethics, law and administration, we are not surprised at finding the author's Political Economy chaotic. He certainly has avoided the fault of over-accurate definition of which he complains in the "orthodox" economists. He defines Political Economy as "the interpretation of all social conditions." If this means anything, it means that all Political Economy which does not explain all kinds of social phenomena is to be rejected as worthless, a conclusion too absurd to need refutation. His History is hardly better than his Political Economy, for although it would take a special student to criticize his statements of fact, the general reader may frequently criticize his interpretation of the facts. Thus he asserts (and deems it unnecessary to prove the assertion) that Elizabeth's Statute of Laborers was solely for the purpose of oppressing the poor, while the general opinion of historians is to the contrary. Indeed his statements of fact often come within the reader's power of criticism and do not stand the test in a way that gives us much confidence in what is beyond our knowledge. For example, the author says that "a gang of sharpers" passed and maintained the legal tender legislation of the United States, and we are somewhat amused to learn that in America the expression of free-trade sentiments involves "social and commercial excommunication;" indeed on this subject of the American tariff the author's ignorance is ludicrous, as for instance when he asserts that "the protectionist tariff of Mr. Morrill (he probably means the tariff of 1861) was the price paid for the allegiance of the manufacturing East" to Mr. Lincoln's government. He says that he has been told this by so many "eminent American statesmen" that he cannot doubt it. The assertion that Mr. Lincoln had to buy the allegiance of New England is, of course, only laughable in the eyes of any intelligent American citizen, while the most superficial student of the American tariff knows that

it was not a tariff for protection (chiefly) until the excise duties were repealed in the last years of the sixties.

In spite of its errors the book is a valuable one and well worth reading, for it opens a new and interesting field, contains information very valuable to the reader of history, and gives a good opportunity to the student to observe and study the action of economic law.

P. P. W.

The Despot of Broomsedge Cove. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

In this last work of Miss Murfree's we are again taken to the region of the Great Smoky Mountains and among the characters with whose types her former works have already familiarized us. She is an illustration of the present tendency in our fiction to explore some peculiar phase of society, far removed from what seems the central life of the nation, and where our attention is drawn by curiosity at sight of such unfamiliar forms and scenes, it is to show us, that amid all the variety of situations and the strangeness of a stage of civilization that seems entirely alien to us in our busy complexity and formal routine, move everywhere men kindred to ourselves and controlling or controlled by the same emotions, passions, hopes and fears.

Nevertheless the book is not altogether pleasing. The constantly recurring descriptions of nature, of cloud and mountain, of sunset glow or midnight storm, with their burdened vocabulary and attempted effects, grow wearisome in time. The carefully wrought plot too, with its subtle balancing of motives and minute analysis seems too finely spun for the characters and the surroundings. Here if anywhere, we would think, among these rough and hardy mountaineers, we should find genuine strength and ruggedness, even coarseness, of feeling and action. But hardly in a society novel could one find more delicate playing first on this emotion and then on that. We feel that the whole book is lacking in any true and powerful passion, the mastery of which would raise the writer above the moderate praise due to painstaking elaboration and careful treatment. Such a psychological dissection we may praise and admire, but we cannot consider it life. The conclusion too is weak and unsatisfying. It is but a poor disposal of Tick Jepson's despotism, based as it was on his intellectual power and not at all on physical force, to end it with the loss of an arm, but have his pride and self-will wholly unsubdued. Far more radical, we feel, should the change have been, to harmonize with the real significance of the character.

Cressy. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

Those admirers of Bret Harte who have found themselves disappointed in some of his most recent work will hardly find ground for renewed pleasure in "Cressy." We recognize indeed the same hand and touch as formerly, the same fresh breeziness of expression and vigorous characterization of California mining life with all its anomalies, its trivial newness of man in the midst of the newness of primæval nature, its freedom and its vice. Nor is there any lack of passion, living and fierce ; Bret Harte is still master of us there. But we detect at the same time the absence of a certain

feature of his earlier work which spoils the whole. The whole atmosphere of the book is distinctly unmoral. Nowhere is there the faintest suggestion of anything beyond a conventional respect for the proprieties of life. It is a fatal lack. For now the passion is no longer purified, controlled, and spiritual, but is wholly of the lower sort, sensual, at least, if not ignoble. In place of the cool heroism and self-sacrifice of Jack Oakhurst we have in the schoolmaster the mere personal courage which is such a universal trait of his men; in contrast with the innocence of Piney Woods or the devotion even of such women as Muggins or Mother Shifton, Cressy McKinstry seems a dangerous woman to become entangled with. Her love is never anything more than a physical thing, a languorous dream in whose atmosphere of golden haze all moral discrimination and all power of resistance would melt away like wax in the flame. When the reader has recovered his breath after the sudden and wholly unexpected ending which drops upon him with the last page, he seeks in vain for any adequate reason in the situation or the character of Cressy as previously developed for such a startling termination of her love affair with Ford by the announcement of her marriage to Masters. None of the characters possess any very marked personality; they do not seem to be impelled by any force within them at any time, and at the end the motives and natures of the chief ones are still an unsolved problem.

Lessing: Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe. Edited with notes, by Horatio Stevens White. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

It is only a comprehensive understanding of the author at hand and a judicious taste in selection that can render a series of extracts like the above useful and interesting. Within the scope the editor has allowed himself, he has honestly accomplished his task, and has, it is plain, striven to indicate the different tendencies of Lessing's work in theology, literature, and morals. Much, of course, has been omitted, much that seems important, but one is still able to get, and is thankful for it, a clear glimpse of this German magician touching the barren wastes of his country's literature into fertile land, where a Göthe and a Schiller, in the near future, will sow and reap. He was a hater of shams; sturdily and earnestly he worked in those eighteenth century Augean stables, and when a way had been beaten through them, though he was long dead, he was still remembered as a faithful pioneer. To every student of German literature, and even more to every lover of high-minded struggle in the jungles of the world, this man will always be a noteworthy phenomenon.

F. S.

Paradoxes of a Philistine. By Wm. S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.

The title of this little collection of essays is an example of the half whimsical turn with which the author's personality is continually asserting itself. Accepting his own translation of it we find that it means "Unrecognized Truths by an Anti-Prig." The burden of its refrain is not a new one; it may be said to be one of the characteristics of the spirit of the age, and there

is hardly a thought in the whole volume in which, if we search and sift it to the bottom, we shall not find its influence. It would tell us, that after all wisdom and folly are not so very far apart, that we are all made from the same clay and cast in much the same mould; that our heroes are marvelously padded, and our giants, if their structure be a little curiously inquired into, will probably be found to own their height to a broomstick stuffed with straw. It is the spirit of the realism of the present day, and is by no means a gospel of misanthropy. For if on the one hand it shatters our ideals and rudely disturbs our roseate day-dreams, on the other it teaches us to find in every man something of good; if it compels us to believe there is no perfection or complete happiness, it also shows that nothing is altogether base, or useless, or ignoble; and in place of shattered idols which we can no longer worship, it gives us fellow-men to love. It is the tendency to broad and cosmopolitan sympathy; it is that element of humanity so strong in the thought of to-day.

Yet, we may easily carry this too far. After all there is something in reference beyond mere superstition, something which we cannot do without, except with resulting loss. It is only by humble recognition of that which is better than ourselves, that we can hope to rise, and we should be careful how we preach too constantly to youthful enthusiasm the certainty of a bitter awakening from empty dreams. "Is an educated task" the author asks "a curse, or a blessing?" with the implication that the fullness and joyousness of life must vanish as we advance. Nevertheless, we cannot but believe that the solemn gladness and depth of life await the search of those who will rightly seek them with rich experiences of ever widening meaning.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated with notes by J. G. Lockhart. Reprinted from the revised edition of 1841, with numerous illustrations. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Of all the twenty volumes of this series already published we have seen none so attractive and so beautiful as this. The unexampled wealth of the early Spanish ballad literature both in amount and quality, many of which date back to the middle of the fourteenth century and earlier, renders this a peculiarly prolific field for such a collection. The half legendary character of several of the national heroes, the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, and others, furnish the subjects of many of the historical ballads. Still older is the romantic class, founded on the tales of the Knights of Charlemagne's Round Table, while a few distinctly Moorish ballads are introduced. The arrangement is as far as possible in the chronological order of the subjects treated. The measure adopted in the translation is chiefly the "fourteener"—the original measure of our own English ballad—as being best adapted to represent the original. Explanatory introductions precede each ballad-subject, and numerous artistic illustrations add greatly to the effect of the whole.

Æsop's Fables. Chiefly from original sources, by the Rev. Thomas James, M.A. With more than 100 illustrations, designed by John Tenniel. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

In collecting into one volume the fables of Æsop, the ordinary methods of procedure in preparing translations of ancient works is not applicable. The wide circulation and great popularity of such fables make it impossible either to give the exact form of the original fable or to distinguish certainly what ones have been introduced from later sources. The present collection is the result of much scholarship and research and every possible care has been taken, as far as is possible from the peculiar nature of the task, to present a substantially correct edition of the fables.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The History of Holland. By James E. Thorold Rogers. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Virgil's Æneid. The first six books, translated into English rhyme by Henry Hamilton. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

RECEIVED.

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States in German, French and English, in parallel columns. Translated by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr. Notes and appendix, political and historical. New York : Laidlaw Bros. & Co.

The Amber Witch. Translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Holy Living. By Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Vol. I. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Plutarch's Lives of Numa, Sertorius, and Eumenes. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Columbia Calendar for 1889.

Ayer's Almanac for 1889. Printed in ten languages.

Beyond the Grave. A Drama. By John Franklin Clark. New York : The American News Company. 25 cents.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

No music in the throats of birds,
No music from the singing leaves,
And yonder from the brook that girds
The hill, and here, from shivering herds
Pinched in the cold, a voice that grieves !

The wind goes bellowing down the eaves
And bellowing in among the sheaves,
Then out into the plain again.

I hear the sea well-timed beat
His drills into the sterile cliff.
No summer waves sough at my feet.

Yes, life and nature seem to part.
The angry wind, the weeping rain—
All nature-sounds are sounds of pain.
Nay, let her songs be silent if
There's music in the heart !

During the last political campaign, the smoke of whose guns is still a mist on our horizon, and whose trumpet blasts, whether of victory or defiance, are still ringing in our ears, among other remarkable signs of the time, and by no means the least remarkable, was the circulation of enormous quantities of printed matter, mostly miserable stuff, to be sure, but leavened with a literature that merited careful attention and did credit to its promulgators. At our very doors, as we hurried into and out of them, we found able discussions on the tariff and other questions of to-day thrown broadcast, as unsparingly as an advertiser's flyer in the hands of a street urchin. The great orators were thundering away to private audiences and the greater vortex of political thought was yonder at our thresholds. The meaning of it all is plain enough : the world is growing larger and busier and men are bending intently over the desks of counting-houses with never a time for recreation, never a moment or an hour to devote to the lecturer, interesting and silver-tongued though he be, never a time for anything but the hurry and scramble for money, and the evening rest, sufficiently meagre I fancy, after the lamps are lighted and machinery is no longer clashing. Nevertheless with all his business the man of dollars and cents will read his paper, will read it with thoroughness that indicates a conscience and a desire to be at peace with it. No man can live wholly out of the world and be happy, or better, no man can live out of the world and fail to be miserable. This severing of one's ties of human fellowship, what is it but cutting one's own heartstrings ? So every man has his newspaper or his magazine, which he absorbs, whereby he lives at peace with himself and his friends. Men are not slow to understand one another, and just as every new armor, the mil-

itary men tell us, finds a steel gun and a steel ball to pierce it, so the business man *must* listen to the many voices—his door and the seclusion of his study will not, cannot bar them. And what a chorus of voices is there and how varied! There is Anthony Comstock, and Miss Frances Willard, Henry George, Prof. Townsend, the followers of Henry Berg—men and women for the first time united in any large sense in open and aggressive battle against the encroaching vices of a complex civilization. The rattle of all this editorial musketry, how soul-stirring it is! No longer is the preacher preaching to everybody but to no one in particular. The sermon of to-day is the sermon to the individual and to every individual. Ah! the "I mean you, sir!" That is hard to shirk, nay indeed, it must be faced—faced by the individual and met by him, and if he be an honest man he cannot but answer. Yes, that is at once the tendency and force of modern preaching, it results in the application of the personal corrective first, and then drives home the truth that each is born his brother's keeper. While the air is ringing with the praises of the mechanical engineer and the electrician, the Richards or the Edison, let us not forget that of the many inventions which men have sought out, far from the least are those which press humanity to the truth and compel it either to play the hero or the coward.

There is much said now-a-days of the tendency of the spirit of modern life to irreverence, a carelessness in naming names and in the touching of sacred things an unpardonable *vandalism*. It may be so, it may be that we make jest of "life's fine loyalties," it may be that in the intoxication of a successful revolt from and abrogation of forms and the shadows of things we take the truth too roughly by the shoulders. Far better take it so than not at all. Better a sceptical examination of holy things than a resignation, at once unreasonable and ignoble, to falsehood. For here along this road, though we stray often out of the beaten way, we shall come "out of the darkness of doubt into the certainty of conviction." To discover truth is to reverence it. Truth is the parent of all wholesome reverence. After all we must bear with this transition stage where we stand with one hand clasping the old and with the other reaching out after the inexorable God-finger toward the new, being well-assured that revelation is to him who looks, and waits, and listens patiently, and if life in this day is extreme, is above its natural level, we know that every mountain torrent, self-spent, at last sinks to the peace of the sea.

I am constrained to mention the *Williams Lit.* to quote a fine saying taken from the article in the January number entitled "Chaucer's love of Nature." It is "And so he has left us literature—not digests." The writer has preached a sermon to us all. Not the mere recasting of facts, nor the running and valueless criticism of the average book review, but "originality," a term as difficult to explain as that other word, "freshness," which Rev. Dr. Broadus refuses to define. Not digests, but literature! And literature is not a series of paragraphs with a sprinkling of agonies and a strain of "the still, sad music of humanity" for a culmination. Not attitudinizing, but beautiful truth beautifully expressed. There is too much straining, too much uneasiness lest we fail to say a striking thing, as if simplicity were not the most striking and effective thing imaginable.

Another time may serve to speak of the *Collegian*, its second issue will give us opportunity to draw more confidently the line of its direction. Suffice to say that, apart from its relation to college literature in its present forms, the magazine in the variety of its departments promises to cover well the field of college topics.

The *Williams Lit.* for January is unusually interesting; on the whole the number is light, does not "sound a depth" and, perhaps, is all the more pleasing by reason of it. Attention is called to the prize work done in the *Nassau*. If that most excellent magazine will pardon us we would refer to the striking dearth of any but the spasmodic expression of poetic talent at Princeton. Is there not after all, editorial friends, a great deal in an atmosphere, the *Academy idea*? *Amherst* sends us an excellent poem, for which we find no room among our clippings. Elsmere and Wordsworth are topics for several articles in the various *Lits.*, the *Nassau*, *Virginia Univ.* and others. The tone of the first is thoughtful and well-balanced, that of the second is too much in the line of the every-day review—too careless in its dispositions, too personal with the personality and individual feeling of the writer. It is so easy to dispose of an author and his books if a reviewer is to do it all, but you know how they talked of Dickens, and do still, of Hawthorne, of Bret Harte and the rest—nothing left of them, to judge from the reviews and comments of "critics," but the mere shadow and shape of genius. Nevertheless they live to-day and grow upon us and though Mr. Pecksniff is several Pecksniffs, the very essence and quintessence of hypocrisy, and though Donatello and his ears is all a fairy tale, and though the Outcasts of Poker Flat were gamblers and harlots, they live and move to-day and are realities to us who can appreciate them. Faulty as it may be, as indeed it is, the work of Mrs. Ward is far from valueless, not because of its philosophy, its second-rate talk of "testimony" and all that, but because the struggle of a life is there, drawn somewhat out of focus it may be, but still a picture true in the main and full of humanity. The history of souls in their trials and successes ultimates in a knowledge of humanity that is so precious to us because the more we know it the truer is our conception of Divinity. All this delving into the heart of earth, this building of Lick observatories, this physical and mental dissection in the endeavor to discover protoplasm and the atom is only a struggle to know, a reaching out of the finite into and after the infinite. May we not talk of these things—paint them even though our giants shrivel into pigmies and our women talk like men? I think so. My friends, Shakespeare was not accurate, some of his character-drawing is sufficiently stiff and his wit, heaven help us!—his wit is often absurd and impossible, but we pass over all that because we can and do gather the greatness of the man and realize that in the main he is true to life. It may be that Langham is the personification of a characteristic, that Catherine is orthodoxy run mad in the shape of woman, that Elsmere is labelled so-and-so, but is actually far different, that Rose puts her nose into the air once too often, but the critic who gets no deeper beneath the surface than this must be either a man of prejudice and therefore blind, or blind by the course of natural events and so incompetent. The question is not as to what we *cannot* get from the book but what *can* we find in it that is helpful and good? "Something too much of this!"

Here before us are the *Texas Univ. Magazine*, the *Virginia Univ. Magazine*, the *Amherst, Nassau, Williams, Phillips Exeter Lits.* and a hundred other periodicals whose names we have not space to mention but for whom we always keep a cordial welcome.

Our array of clippings for the month is as follows:

IN THE ORANGE ORCHARD.

What plentitude of amber light
 Floods all the air this breezy morn !
 The woods are choral, and it seems
 As though, within a land of dreams,
 I heard from every windy height
 A feathered Orpheus sound his liquid horn.

Like tiny harvest moons I see
 Amid the leaves that shake and shine,
 The luscious, ripening fruitage glow ;
 The lithe chameleons, as they go,
 Change in the sunlight fitfully
 From greens and grays to hues like ruddy wine.

The jasmine blossoms are as sweet
 As those in Samarcand of yore,
 At day-dawn by the terrace stair,
 When Zarie plucked them for her hair,
 Then ran to find, with eager feet.
 Her waiting lover by the postern door.

We act the same old scene to-day—
 The lover I and this the hour—
 Haste, haste, my sweet ; the moments speed !
 Time pauses not howe'er we plead.
 Behold, she threads the orchard way,
 Within her hair a fresh-plucked jasmine flower.

—*Hamilton Lit.*

A LAW OF LIGHT.

The air around us but receives
 The sun's illuminating ray ;
 No particle of light it gives
 To make the glory of the day.

Were not the light reflected back
 From earth and planet, moon and star,
 Phœbus would leave no shining track
 To mark his chariot course afar.

No ray of righteousness descends
 With healing on our darkened earth,
 Till from a human heart it bends,
 To waken goodness into birth.

—*Brunonian.*

PEACE.

'Twas midnight, but not dark ; an angry eye
 Shone out of heaven, where with battling clouds,
 The moon contended for the midnight sky.
 And hark ! I hear it still, that clamor wild.
 That roar and rush of water evermore
 Must raise their tumult in my soul as now,
 As now again I tread that lonely shore.
 From inland far the Chimes were ringing then
 Though fitful : Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

I hear them mingling with the wild distress
 Of winds and waves, that clash in deadly strife ;
 Again I feel my utter helplessness.
 What bitter grief to see a soul in pain,
 To helpless stand and listen to its cry !
 A human soul was struggling in the waves,
 A dying soul—and I must let it die !
 Oh Christmas Bells, how strange it sounded then,
 The song of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

And still the Chimes rang out their Christmas Song
 Till winds and waves were baffled in the fight,
 And driving clouds, that fought the moon so long,
 Defeated rested on the horizon's brink.
 Then He who promised Peace forevermore,
 Hushed the wild waters, and from off the deep
 A living soul was tossed upon the shore—
 Oh, joyous chimes ring ever forth as then
 That song of Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The following—is it not a poem of excellent character ?

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

On Christmas day, though thoughts of present cheer
 Small room afford for those of gloomier hue,
 Let us look back a moment ; let us hear
 The echoes of those days that once we knew,
 Reaching us now in accents strange but clear.
 A vision of our childish selves appears,
 So young and helpless ! Ah, those golden days,
 So near and yet so far ! A few scant years
 Have changed our thoughts, have altered all our ways ;
 And looking back, we smile at childhood's tears.
 But smiling yet, there comes a thrill of pain ;
 For, dimly seen behind the veil of Time,
 These childish figures building still in Spain
 Their airy castles to a fairy rhyme,
 Seem not ourselves, whom later cares constrain.

And straight comes swift conviction to the heart
 That even such as these are wont to seem
 Shall we appear, when, after years depart,
 Our strange new selves shall backward look, and deem
 That we, unconscious, played a childish part.

—*Williams Lit.*

THE MOURNERS.

The elms stand shivering in the snow,
 Naked against the sky's dull verge
 Where died the sun an hour ago,—
 And moan a dirge.

His dying smile is the dusky glow
 That dimly fades in the coming night,
 Caressing all the world,—and so
 Is gone from sight.

The snow's white shroud becomes a pall,
 The elms against the fading sky
 Sob fitful on—that he, as all
 Things else, must die.

—*Amherst Lit.*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"There's kaines o' honey 'tween my luv's lips,
 An' gold amang her hair,
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
 Nae mortal een look there."

Thus was it the peasant's song began,
 When he sang the charms of the Lady Ann,
 And this was the close so sweet and sad,
 "I am her father's gardener lad."
 Wealth and beauty and rank have fled,
 They have carved her stone yet she is not dead !
 For still from the picture the poet drew,
 She shines immortal before our view,
 And the gift that her peasant lover brought
 Was a crown no wealth had ever bought.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

The *Vassar Miscellany* persists in telling tales on the positive side of love-making, but takes care to cover the other side. There is something pathetic in the attitude of *waiting*. It is *woman's* silence that is golden—and provoking.

A DIFFERENCE.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two.
 There was nobody else to forbid it—
 The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my heart—
 And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed ; the white snow
Was tinged in the sun's golden glory.

Well,—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank !
That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know.

You can't know unless you have tried it.

What's that ? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true—

But her dear little hand was inside it !

The *McMicken Review* publishes the following remarkable paragraph from a letter to its Browning society :

A long letter was then read, which was from the pen of the author of "A Study of Keats. I." The entire letter may be found among the Society's papers. We will content ourselves with quoting its concluding words :

"From the dim day-raptures of a phantom past, Browning has moved men's mind to the vision of a plenilunar present, void of veinless vagaries and filled with the high-rifeness of very truth. He has made matter mightiest and left to lesser men the paltering poetaster's petty trick of trimness. Yet you wicked worldlings wish to drag into the dust the deathless name of Browning. Know, that your awkward attempt must fail, for though the wanton world wage war against great Browning, there is yet one who signs himself

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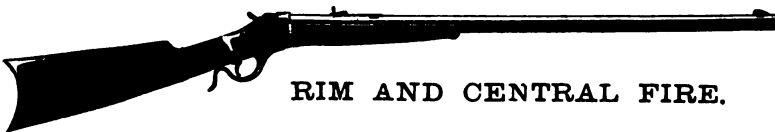


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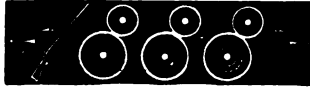
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